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not wholly of mundane origin, his father, Tyng, at the time of his marriage being entirely beyond the years when children are born to men; but that his mother, Fa-fa, had become such by the direct influence of one of the many sons of Chong-fo, who in the days of the first creation of the world had been sent down by Chong-fo, for the purpose of regenerating mankind. Facts connected with this assertion were still known to men who had been scholars of the great Tyng, and who were happy to find this corroboration of their cherished belief in the direct though mystic influence of Chong-fo, by the birth of the son of their beloved teacher, Tyng. Soon after followed the advent of Ty-Tyng-fo himself, and such was the enthusiasm with which he was received by the Van-to-hi-los, that they at once rose in a body, and broke up their habitations, in order to migrate to their own country. The Yan-tos were taken by surprise. They did not have time to prevent this sudden departure of their subjects, nor could they organize an army to assist their own scanty settlers in the lands of the Van-to-hi-los; they were accordingly surprised, partly cut down and partly made prisoners, and the kingdom of the Van-to-hi-los was established once more upon their own soil, under the rule and guidance of Ty-Tyng-fo.

Ty-Tyng-fo at once abolished the priesthood, the sacrifices, the prayers, and all the old laws of Chong-fo, and promulgated a mild constitutional government and a republican church, enforcing among his people justice and charity. The old party leaders, however, soon found that advancement was only to be procured by merit, and merit was the result of exertion. This state of things did not please them; they longed for the old state of things under the government of Lyng and her successors, and they gathered a party of malcontents, who overthrew the government, captured the king and put him to death. The new government proposed a kind of church hierarchy, which was hardly established when the Yan-tos sent a large army to reconquer the lost provinces, which was accomplished in the short space of one month.

The Van-to-hi-los from this time never recovered their independence. The majority of the people returned to the doctrines of the Perpendicular sect; in fact, they could not be said to have ever departed from their old belief, acquiescing as they did, only for a time, in the guidance of Ty-Tyng-fo for the purpose of recovering their national existence. But many firmly adhered to the religion of Ty-Tyng-fo, particularly now as he had become a martyr to popular avidity. They made many converts among the Yan-tos, who occupied the country, and continued to gather strength for five hundred years, and added to and consolidated the church of Tyng, as it was called.

The Yan-tos were a nation of limited religious principles, and rather inclined to be liberal to those who differed with them in religion as long as they submitted to their political government. Still, the followers of Tyng had to suffer many persecutions, not unfrequently terminating in blood-

shed and death. This pressure, however, tended to improve and purify the religion and principles of the so-called Tyng-os, who continued to add to their number, and who commanded the respect of their compatriots for their uprightness in dealing with their neighbors, their love of justice, their charity, and gentle submission to the laws of the country.

(To be continued.)

THE EMBLEM OF MAN.

(From the German of SEIDL.)

THE Danish king, old Sigar, in sadness bowed his head;
He called his friends around him;—they came: no word he said.
Until at last he slowly looked upward to the sky,
And then his lips he opened and spake with deep-drawn sigh:

"I am an aged monarch, once I was young and strong,
As man with men have mingled and striven and struggled long,
My frame with toil I've wasted, my hair is thin and grey,
And yet, who was *this Sigar*, I know not to this day.

"My servants, at my pleasure, old ocean's billows lash,
And when I nod, the icebergs roll down with thundering crash,
Of all things fixed or fleeting the forms are in my mind,
Yet of myself no image can I, by searching, find.

"Say, what is man?—A dreamer?—He dreams, yet oft wakes he!
What, then, is man?—A phantom?—My life still lives to me!
This giant is no insect, this pigmy is no god;
Too firm to be a flower, too tender for a clod.

"His type is not the serpent; the eagle yields it not;—
I, an old king, yet know not, or who I am or what!
Go, call my Scald before me, who drank from Mimer's well!
What is man's form and image this instant he shall tell!"

The Scald obeys the summons; the King his doubt declares;
The Scald draws forth the pencil he in his girdle bears,
Steps to the wall in silence, with grave, majestic air,
And traces out a circle and yet another there.

They gaze on that strange draughtsman with wonder-lifted brow.

"'Tis man, O king, behold him," he cries; "e'en such art thou!

Contained in that first circle thy body's history learn:
Dust unto dust, it hastens each moment to return.

"But in the second circle behold thy spirit's track:
Light unto light it hastens, from life's first moment, back!"
The monarch hears, and presses his hand, in sight of all,
Then wipes he with his mantle the circles from the wall.

C. T. B.

He who knows how to render his abundance useful exercises a great and noble economy.—*Vauvenargues*.

НОВОБЪ is subject to more mistakes than he who only acts through reflection.—*Vauvenargues*.